sensation of analysing them. Theirs is 'mere talk' because they do not mean what they say, and say what they do not mean. Conversation becomes for them an intellectual pastime achieving the vicarious sensation of social intercourse and pleasure, and more insidiously, of playing the 'President of Immortals' over others under their hypnotic power. Conversely, the penumbra of their self-hood becomes so neutralised by the social commitment as to render their consciousness a kind of no man's land where the power of the selfhood of others may easily enter.

An analysis, which does not have 'the excuse of a passion* for individual or social development, is 'mere talk' because thought is divorced from action and made to exist in a vacuum, with action proceeding not from objective thinking, but from selfish promptings. The episode, in which Mrs. Brookenham, Venderbank, and Mitchy analyse the situation of Nanda, is an example in case. Mrs. Brookenham wants Nanda to marry the ugly, but rich Mitchy, and not the poor but handsome Vanderbank, whom she wants for herself. She wants to find out what their intentions are towards Nanda. Mitchy confesses that as he lacks the magnetic charm of Vanderbank, Nanda would not marry him. This analysis of his own situation does not, however, prevent him from still hoping and endeavouring to win Nanda for himself. Vanderbank is made to understand that he has 'the sacred terror', and that he cannot 'help pleasing* others/ and that such charming people 'keep everyone'. What he does not realise is that he could be more pleasing to one individual, whom he can keep with greater affection than others. Mrs. Brookenham learns of what Mitchy has in mind, but still schemes to bring him and Nanda together. Such talk in which insincerity and hypocrisy assume the mask of sincerity and frankness is a potent force of evil in society. The free and analytical talk of this circle is objectionable because it is abstracted from life. Vanderbank rightly remarks that they

are all "cold and sarcastic and cynical without the soft human spot."[6] Their analytical chatter reveals them as creatures deprived of their essential humanity and moral sense.

Tha domestic world of Nanda is as foul and corrupting as the social world. Edward Brookenham, the father, is a weak and spineless fellow, and is very much under the thumb of his wife. The forty-one year old Mrs. Brookenham is still young and lovely. "She